

RATES FOR WANT ADS.

Ads in this column will be inserted
 Per line, one insertion ...15c
 Per line, two insertions ...25c
 Per line, one week30c
 Per line, two weeks40c
 Per line, one month60c

This is the cheapest advertising ever offered the people of Honolulu.

EVERYDAY WANTS AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HAWAII'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR LARGE RETURNS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS

Nothing brings the hard worked merchant so near to vacation on the Mainland as the whole some help of BULLETIN ADS

WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

An expert accountant, with several hours each day at his disposal, would like to take charge of one or more small sets of books, at reasonable charge. Address X., this office. 2841-tf

By young man; any work that can be done by a willing man; coachman for family preferred. Apply A. R., this office. 2850-1w

A position as family cook by middle-aged white man; good references; Pearl City preferred. Address A. L., Bulletin. 2876-1w

Position as cook with private family. Apply Mura, 1096 Beretania St. 2856-1m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SALE.

Have 5 Houses for sale at Palama; \$25 cash; balance WITHOUT INTEREST at \$10.00 per month.

P. E. R. STRAUCH,

No. 74 & KING ST. TEL. MAIN 386.

WANTED

Two or three good solicitors. Address K., Bulletin office. 2816-tf

TO LET.

Furnished Rooms.—Housekeeping allowed; cool and mosquito-proof. Alaka House, Alaka St. bet. Hotel and King. 2265-tf

Cottage on Makiki St. near Wilder Ave. formerly occupied by Mr. S. S. Peck. Enquire 1527 Makiki St. 2841-tf

As cook or waiter with private family; good references. Apply Geo. Hiraoka, 159 Beretania St. 2881-1w

Store on Alaka St. between Merchant and King. Apply J. W. Podmore, King and Bethel Sts. 2797-tf

4-room cottage, sanitary plumbing, on River St. Apply J. W. Podmore, King and Bethel. 2792-tf

Window for rent. Apply to Honolulu Drug Co. 2880-1w

HELP WANTED.

150 citizen laborers for road work; 4 months' steady employment; sleeping quarters furnished; laborers must supply their own bedding; credit will be allowed at camp store for provisions. Apply at the Keanae Camp, Maui. WILSON & DUGGAN, Contractors. 2879-tf

TO LET.

Cottage on Vineyard St.; parlor, 2 bedrooms, dining room, kitchen, pantry, and bath; sewer connections. 352 Vineyard St. 2848-tf

3 modern 7-room houses on Kinohi St., mosquito proof, electric lights, servants' quarters. Phone 1961 Blue. 2846-tf

Two 6-room cottages, Kalia road, Wai-iki; \$15 per month. Apply J. H. Craig, Union St. 2877-1w

Newly furnished rooms, all modern conveniences. At No. 84 Vineyard St. 2728-tf

Nicely furnished front rooms, \$8 per month. Star Block, 1289 Fort St. 2866-1m

Wai-iki lots on easy terms. A. V. Gear, 122 King St. 2770-tf

Furnished rooms at 1223 Emma Street. Mrs. McConnell. 2563

FOR SALE.

One corner lot in Makiki. Curbing, water, fruit and ornamental trees and all improvements. Two minutes' walk from cars and Punahoa College. Address R. F., this office. 2816-tf

Modern 6-room house, Hackfeld St.; 250 ft. elevation, excellent sea view, 10 minutes' walk from town, near car line; will sell on easy terms; \$2,600, or rent furnished. Address M., Bulletin. 2865-tf

Wai-iki house and lot, 356 acres of land, cattle, horses, mules, wagons, harness, etc. Apply to W. P. Pen-nell, Honolulu, or C. Meinecke, Wai-ohu, Hawaii. 2856-1m

For Sale cards at Bulletin office.

SHORT STORY FOR EVENING HOURS

FOR VALUE RECEIVED

Across the long hall, with its tiled floor and its marble wainscoting, the light from an open doorway fell. The man who had just alighted from the elevator and was slowly strolling along, paused by this doorway and looked in. It was not alone curiosity that held him there, a sudden slight faintness had attacked him and he was glad of the support of the door-frame. He clutched at this as his eyes searched the interior of the room. It was an office of some sort, with several desks and numerous chairs, but its only occupant was a girl at a typewriter table near the center of the room.

The man in the doorway looked hard at this girl—she was quite unconscious of his presence—and he liked the poise of her head and the way her hair was dressed, and the dainty collar about her white throat. And there was something fascinating about the play of her white fingers above the keys. And then all at once the white fingers seemed to blend together and he found his clutch on the door frame growing tighter.

Perhaps the girl heard him as he strove to hold himself up. Anyway, she suddenly looked around and saw him. In a moment she had risen and pushed her chair back and was coming toward him.

"I beg pardon," she rapidly said, "but you are ill."

He tried to mumble something in return, but the words refused to take shape.

"Come to the window," she said. "I'm sure you need air."

She took his arm and half led, half supported him across the room and put him in an easy chair by the window and raised the shade a little higher. Then she turned and ran to a corner and returned with a glass of water. When she returned his head had dropped back. He had fainted.

When he came back to consciousness a soft hand was moistening his brow and two sympathetic eyes were looking down into his. He let his own eyes fall shut again and took a long breath of satisfaction.

"Are you better now?"

"It was a delightful voice. 'Much better, thank you.'"

He opened his eyes again. She had drawn back and her hand no longer rested on his forehead.

"Here is a glass of water."

He sipped a little.

"Thank you," he said again. "So sorry to have troubled you."

"The trouble is nothing. You are sure you are getting stronger?"

"Yes. I would like to rest here for a few minutes if you don't object. I will go just as soon as my strength comes back."

"You are welcome to stay as long as you like."

"Thank you once more. It was foolish for me to collapse in that weak fashion. But I have been ill."

"Yes, I see you have."

"It was fever and I am not myself yet. The sun affects me so quickly. But I am drawing you from your work."

"No. I want to know that you are all right again before I go back to it. Do you wish me to call anybody?"

"No, no. All I want is a little rest and the fresh air."

She looked at him keenly. His clothes were very plain and they were not new.

"Have you had any breakfast?"

"Very little," he answered.

"Perhaps that is one reason why you grew faint. Excuse me for a moment."

He followed her with wondering eyes as she went. When she returned she had something wrapped in tissue paper. It was a toothsome looking sandwich.

"Eat that," she commanded. "You need not be afraid of being observed. The desk hides you from the doorway, and Mr. Milliken will not be back before noon." And she put the sandwich in his hand.

"But I am robbing you of your luncheon."

"I am sure you need it more than I do. Eat it, please."

She spoke as if he were an obstinate child. And he obeyed her.

She watched him for a brief moment, then turned back to her typewriting. When she came back a little later every crumb had vanished.

"It was awfully good," he said. "But that goes without saying. You see I haven't left even a crumb for a souvenir."

She looked at him keenly again.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that you are not as good to yourself as you should be. Why don't you eat when you need the food, and why do you walk in the street, when the sun affects you? But there," she hastily added, "it is no affair of mine."

"I am glad to have your sympathy," he said. "It is a novelty to have any-

one show a kindly interest in my welfare."

"Have you a home?"

"No."

"No relatives?"

"No."

She paused.

"Are you looking for work?"

"Yes," he answered.

"But you are not well enough."

"I must work."

The look of sympathy in her clear eyes deepened.

"And have you had any success in your search?"

"No."

She frowned a little.

"How does it happen," she asked, "that you are in these unpleasant straits? You look like a gentleman. You spoke like an educated person. Why are you so unsuccessful?"

"Circumstances, perhaps," he answered. "Lack of ambition, maybe."

She frowned again.

"You must have had some experience. You are not a very young man."

"I am thirty-three."

"Isn't there some employment you are specially fitted for?"

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not." And he sighed.

Then he came and faced her. "I will not bother you any longer," he said. "You have been very kind. I am grateful for your sympathy, and I am very glad you consider me a gentleman."

"Good morning," and he turned away.

"One moment," she said. "Take care of yourself. I wish you good luck. And she put out her slim hand."

"Goodbye."

He took her hand, and when she withdrew her fingers he found a silver dollar in his palm.

He looked at it after he reached the hallway and a sudden smile crossed his face. He was still holding it when the elevator took him to the upper regions of the huge skyscraper.

Miss Nellie Blanchard was alone in the office of Milliken & Co., manufacturers' agents, the next morning when she became conscious of a form in the doorway. She looked up with a little start. It was the stranger of the day before. He seemed brighter and better.

"Good morning," he said, "may I come in a moment?"

She pleasantly nodded.

"You look much better."

"I am better. I'm taking your advice, and treating myself with more consideration. I—I enjoyed a good breakfast this morning and I've kept out of the sun."

"That's good. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. I will for just a moment. I was passing by and saw that you were alone."

He paused and then suddenly added: "But I haven't brought that dollar back."

"Never mind that," and the girl laughed. His tone was so serious. "I'm glad you had a good breakfast. And how about the chances for employment?"

"They are brightening."

"How is that?"

"I've got an opportunity to do something in the real estate line."

The girl shook her head.

"Too many in that business now," she said with a little sigh. "That was my father's business. He was considered a successful operator. But he went in too deep at a time when he should have been slow and careful. A certain allotment swamped him financially. It broke his heart, too, and no doubt hastened his death. I have little cause to think well of real estate."

"Evidently not," said the stranger.

"But it seems just now as if it was the one easy thing for me to get into."

"Well," said the girl, "I wish you success in it."

"And may I report progress to you occasionally?"

The girl hesitated.

"I don't think there can be any harm in that," she said. "Of course it must be progress."

"Of course."

"Very well."

"One thing more. You mustn't think I'm going to forget that dollar."

"I don't expect you to pay it before you receive the means," said the girl with another little laugh.

"Thank you," he said. "And perhaps I'd better tell you my name. It seems more business like. It's Rhodes."

The girl smiled.

"I shan't forget it, Mr. Rhodes. It will be easy to remember. It's the name of the owner of this very skyscraper."

"You mustn't get us mixed," said the stranger with a sudden laugh.

The girl looked the man over in her quick way.

"I'll promise not to do that," she said.

The stranger arose.

"I hope I'll have something definite to report very soon," he said.

"I hope you will."

"Goodbye, Miss Blanchard."

"Goodbye, Mr. Rhodes."

And it was not until after he had gone that she wondered how he had learned her name.

It was two days later before he again appeared. He looked still better. There

was a spruceness about his attire that appealed to the girl's critical glance. He seemed to have gained in manliness, too.

"Congratulations, Miss Blanchard," he said, "I have a situation at last!"

"I am very glad to hear it," she said. "Oh, I hope you will keep it."

"And you must have confidence in me. You know you encouraged me to look for it, and you mustn't cloud my gratification."

"I don't mean to do so," said the girl. "Is it a good place?"

"It will keep the wolf from the door," he answered cheerily. "That's a good deal to me just now, you know. Places are very scarce, and the pay is only moderate."

"But it's a place."

"It's a place."

"And it means daily toil, and useful discipline, and manly independence."

"Yes."

The girl looked at him with a little nod.

"Good," she said. "You are an apt scholar. I think I'm going to be proud of you." A soft flush stole into her cheeks. "If you are in need of a little money before your salary is due, I think I could help you."

"No, no," and he shook his head vigorously. "I owe you a dollar now. No more until I pay that."

The girl laughed.

"I hope you'll require no more after you pay that," she said.

They were getting on good terms now, and the more she saw of the stranger the better she liked him. He didn't seem to presume on his acquaintance, never losing his deferential manner, never forgetting that he was a gentleman. And as they became better acquainted she told him about her mother's death and how it was necessary for her to find employment. She told him how she had hunted for work and finally found it. And what a struggle it was at first. And how after a time she had won her way and was in receipt of a fair salary, and could support herself and mother in comfortable circumstances.

And the stranger had listened with much interest and had said some pleasant things about her perseverance and her energy. But he had said very little about himself. He deserved no credit for anything he had done, he claimed. He meant to do something in time.

So his brief calls continued and the progress he reported was of a very encouraging sort. His health was greatly improved too, and one morning he came in wearing a new suit of clothes.

"If you are not careful," said the girl as she shook her finger at him, "they'll be taking you for the Rhodes who own the building."

"Not so bad as that," he cried. "They tell me he's not a man to be envied in spite of his wealth."

"I don't know anybody who has ever been so," said the girl. "They say he's a misanthrope and old before his time. I don't envy him. I'm only sorry for him."

"I'm not exactly sorry for him," said the man. "Perhaps he only needs something to wake him up—something to rouse his ambition and his energy."

Whereat the girl suddenly flushed, although there seemed no occasion for it.

And then one morning he had come in and invited her to take a street car ride with him the following Sunday. And she had agreed on condition that he would take dinner with her mother and herself.

So the little program was carried out. The guest found the dinner in the modest home a delightful one and Mrs. Blanchard a charming lady. And after the dinner he and Nellie took a street car ride.

"Of course," he said with a little laugh. "I must plan my excursions according to my income. Some day I hope to reach the luxury of a steam yacht and an automobile."

And Nellie professed to like street car rides the best, because they were safer and entailed no responsibility.

"This line," she suddenly said, "takes us right to the allotment of which I have told you—the last one that my father planned. Would you like to look it over?"

He said he would and so they wandered about among the pretty new homes and along the well paved streets. And presently she stopped at a corner and looked back.

"This row of houses was to have been mine," she said with a gentle smile. "That's what papa told me the last Sunday we came up here together. That's where your pin money is to come from, Nellie," he said in his laughing way. "You'll be quite independent with the income it will give you. Poor papa, he always was so optimistic."

And she gently sighed.

The man at her side looked the house over carefully.

"Who owns them now?" he asked.

"The Columbia Trust Co.," she answered. "They were security for a loan."

The afternoon was wearing away when they turned homeward.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BALLASTING.

Hawaiian-Japanese Ballasting Co. — Best black sand from \$2 to \$3 a load according to distance hauled. Coral rocks for stable, roads and sidewalks. Third door below King, Maunakea St.; P. O. box 820. Telephone Main 396.

CLEANING AND DYEING.

T. Hayashi—Clothes cleaned, repaired and dyed. 537 Beretania St.

MASSAGE.

S. Ochiai, removed to Beretania St. near Maunakea. 2881

MESSENGERS.

Territorial Messenger Service—Union St. near Hotel; Tel. 361 Main.

MUSIC.

Mr. Jas. Sheridan has opened a repairing shop at 1168 Miller St. cor Beretania. Charges reasonable. A number of second hand pianos in good condition, cheap. Orders may be left at Haw'n. News Co.

Mrs. Anna B. Tucker — Teacher of Piano and Voice. High School grounds, Emma St.

"For Sale" cards at Bulletin office

NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

New York, Sept. 12.—With more than 600,000 boys and girls clamoring for places in the public schools, while there exist accommodations for about three-quarters of that number, the opening of the 502 schools in New York city today presented scenes of confusion. The news that "first come first served" was to be the system whereby the scholars would be given full time caused a terrific jam at many schools, and it is predicted that the two or more days of elapse before matters are straightened out. More than 14,000 teachers have been employed to instruct the children, an increase of 2000 over last year.

From 150,000 to 200,000 children will be put on what is known as "half-time" teaching. This means they will have to attend school either in the morning or afternoon sessions, and while the full-time pupils are getting the benefit of all-day schooling, thousands will have to be content with half that privilege.

The cause of the overcrowding of the schools is easily explained. Strikes and tie-ups have caused the construction of schools which will afford 52,000 new seatings to be delayed, and the building department has been so handicapped in this way that it has been unable to complete the work of constructing new schools, which should have been opened in time for the accommodation of the fresh rush of pupils this fall.

ALERT'S FAST MILE.

Syracuse, Sept. 9.—Prince Alert this afternoon paced a mile over the track at the New York State Fair Grounds in 1:59½, without the aid of a wind shield, and thereby clipped a quarter of a second from his best previous mark, the world's record for pacing geldings. The track was in excellent condition for the trial, but there was a heavy head wind in the stretch. The champion was almost alone on the first quarter, his runner following at least five lengths in the rear. The first of the four poles was passed in 0:29½. In the backstretch Prince Alert set a terrible pace, passing the half in 0:59, having covered the second quarter of the journey in 0:23 1-4. In the third quarter he let up just a bit, as he again began to feel the weight of the breeze, making it in 0:30½, or 1:00½, for the three-quarters. In the stretch, however, the gelding gave a wonderful display and raced with his runner for the drawgate, finishing gamely. His last quarter was negotiated in 0:30½, and the mile in 1:59½. Alta McDonald was his driver.

ONE SHARE ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH.

The Twenty-ninth Series of Stock in the Pioneer Building & Loan Association will be issued in July, 1934, and is now open for subscription. The membership fee of fifty cents per share, and the monthly dues are one dollar per month per share. The stock draws much better interest than a savings bank.

Further information can be obtained from A. V. GEAR, Secretary, 122 King St.